Telephone:
Richmond 496

Hogarth House,
Paradise Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

13

Jan 7 1921

Friday.

Dearest,

How you must be wanting to hear from me! Perhaps you're back though. We came back last Saturday. Poor Barbara is up in London & we went to a party at Bunny's & danced, — poor B. didn't dance. I expect she is very unhappy, — like every unhappy — but perhaps I am quite wrong. Jaxon was there; & it was frightfully dull really, but at any moment it might have become amazing —

By the way, we're in treaty for a house in Gordon Sqre, so you may hear me for your neighbour after all. Still, we needn't see each other. Ralph's just been telling me of a wonderful tea party at Clives — all Spanish, all prostitutes, all musicians, all talking French. Ralph's father is threatening to commit suicide, & it is thought that he ought to join the firm, in order to

13v

prevent him. He is 56 & his wife won't copulate with him—
that seems to be the trouble. By mistake Ralph has
left a revolver in the house – which is miles in the
country. Yesterday we lunched with the Wells;
I can't tell you how this grated me, seeing that I get into
terms of humanity with her: but how it will bore you.
Besides you don't believe in other people's humanity –
I wish I didn't. Here we've got Richard Hughes –
Wer Claudio de la Torre dining with us; a detestable
bore, I expect. Hughes is an Oxford undergraduate, & wants to
to print his works; on the telephone I couldn't help asking
him to dinner. And we've never seen either of them –
& how shall we know which is which?
Will you ask me to tea when you get back? Well,
says Nessa, I daresay I shall have to. A thousand
thanks for the table. As we shall be next door you needn't
lend it very far – I didn't think Gwen's woodcuts up
to much, did you? Are you so jealous then? I'm not
in the least jealous of Katherine, though every review
praises her. Desmond is coming to stay between
they've lost their cook – that's all the gossip I can
remember.
V B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/66

Jan ? 1921

H. H.

Dearest

Many thanks for the cheque — what an amazing surprise!

It's been impossible to attempt seeing you owing to pottering & various horrors — however you seem to have been invisible. When do I know — I'm longing to hear about her. If I can I'll come to tea tomorrow, but don't wait anyhow. Ah, I've lost my heart to an undergraduate myself — aged 18, with a stammer..

I have just kissed Ralph on the nape of the neck — it's these elderly parents that are so dangerous.

I'm longing to hear your memories.

V.W. The woodcut

came safe – I hope to have a proof of the first one soon –

By the way, I have a cold (not bad) in the head – ~~Do you~~ Would you rather I didn't come for fear of giving it the children ?

HAMILL 12/20/69

TELEGRAMS:- "QUEEN'S HOTEL"
TELEPHONE:- CENTRAL 5612-5613-5614-5615

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MANCHESTER, LTD.

1

Thursday March 17th 1921

Dearest,

I am reminded of you at every turn in this hotel — How you would love it! in fact, why you & Duncan don't do a series of hotel scenes I can't conceive. A vast green plush room - pillars - candelabra - silver trays - urns - coffee pots - large British family groups reading newspapers - drinking - the clergy - mothers & daughters - all grey tedy skimpy miserably respectable - save for one or two hippopotamus females basking in corners all struck about with diamonds - & old gentlemen bursting through their waistcoats - indeed they never stop eating fried fish, tea & meringues. But I can give you no idea: & then

just outside the window are trams, Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington & the man who invented the spinning Jenny — now ~~he~~ who was he? — all black & soot, noble, — pointing at the opposite houses — I say I can't finish this sentence & then there's Mrs Snowden clearly writing to Lily (was that her name?) about airing the curtains. Last night Leonard made a speech in a chemistry theatre, & I talked to Mrs Unwin about the beauties of Derbyshire, which are indeed surprising but too melodramatic for your taste. This was at the University, whose Wattles father is professor, & they're all somehow like Wattie, provincial, young, destitute of any character, hopelessly suburban, yet trying to live up to the metropolitan intellect (me, I mean) which they can't do. Somehow, we have got off the rails for real Middletown intellectual political life. Does that ever strike you? Tonight we're dining at what they call the Refectory with Professor Weiss &

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TELEGRAMS:—"QUEEN'S HOTEL"
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2

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MANCHESTER, LTD.

19

Professor — I forgot ; & I've prepared 2 things to say. The first is "I am Herbert Fisher's Cousin" The 2nd is "I am Leslie Stephen's daughter." But supposing nothing whatever happens? And why did you bring me into the world to go through these ordeals? I spent the morning at the Art Gallery. There Work by Ford Madox Brown, The Howling Shepherd by Holman Hunt, Love & death by Watts; & I assure you the number of incidents one can pick out is amazing. If Leonard had'nt got impatient I could have found grasshoppers Copulating in the very back background of Holman Hunt. The shepherds hair is done one by one. Then there's a lamb with separate whiskers. There's Aunt Susie by Wood — & Mrs Beeches by Hunt Jesse, & Nymphes by Waterfield & — God knows what all — Your art is far more of a joke than mine.

But dont think that I am unaware how dull this letter is - We spent the afternoon at the Zoo. Imagine (oh God, says poor old Wolfshin, how much longer is this going on? Why should I imagine the Manchester Zoo) well, but you must admit it was exciting to find a dromedary & an Indian buffalo, with ingrowing toe nails, poor beast, in a grotto of pale grey stone, totally forgotten, there being only 2 charwomen about the place, which is the size of Regents park, & almost entirely given over to the scaffolding of a panorama, & a lake. But how I love these places! The whole expedition is one long rapture of romance - & if I could live in hotel lounges I think I should be - yes, here are more people come in. Mrs. Snowden has sat down beside me after a very tiring day, she says - When you know a waiter by name, in fact shake him by the hand, what

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TELEGRAMS:- "QUEEN'S HOTEL"
TELEPHONE:- CENTRAL 5612-5613-5614-5615

3

THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,
MANCHESTER, LTD.

.....19....

does it mean? It's the clergy who do it. However, I will say no more. When I'm old, when Julian & Quentin & Angelica are out in the world, do let us become travelling matrons, & go round the provinces together, in handsome style, having buried our husbands, for I think it's best to be a widow (I mean in an hotel —)

Did you hear that Lytton has thrown us over on what must be a pretext about Lady I.? So Lemad & I are going alone; but there's more in it than meets the eye. Ralph has a fixed & gloomy look which reminds me of his father the suicidal Colonel. I imagine (but for Gods sake don't vhont this about (Gordon Square) that there's been a

crisis. Anyhow I hope so. I hope they're all at daggers drawn. I think Carrington is loving Lytton & spurning poor Ralph — but here is Leonard — I must wash & rehearse my 2 speeches. I am Leslie Stephen's cousin — that's what it will be.

Of course my only wish is to know how you are: & that I shant know. To lecture you is equally useless. But for God's sake be careful, & so away, & love your dear grey ape & Mr May I come to tea, Monday, perhaps? We go away on Wednesday

VW.

We come back tomorrow.

NYPL

HAMILL 6/1/66

22 March
1921

14a

Ponsea
Zennor
St Ives

Sunday.

Dearest,

The only small printer we know is MacDermott Duke Street, Richmond. I think he would probably do your catalogue in time, & much cheaper than you could get it done in London. You would have to instruct him rather carefully about type & so on. He is on the telephone, & would give you an estimate anyhow. We found Madley as expensive as the Pelican. Partridge comes back on Thursday, & will be going down to Richmond. He might superintend MacDermott.

It is pitiable to think that you are bothering about pictures & no doubt losing your umbrella on Harrentack Hill while I am watching two seals basking in the sea at Gurnards Head. This is no poaching licence. How they were, with their beautifully split tails, a dog shaped heads, rolling over & diving like two naked dark brown old gentlemen. Two

minutes before a rifter started up under my feet.
The small of the gorse which is all in bloom &
precisely like a Cornish picture against a
purple sea is like – I dont really know what.
Then there are deep rivers running down with
all those plants that used to grow in Hadlestown
bog. We are on the cliff, quite by ourselves,
nothing but gorse between us & the sea, & when
I have done this letter we are going to take our
books & roll up in a hollow over the sea, &
there watch the spray & the ships & the
bees, peacock butterflies (tell Julian) However
I admit its rather windy today. Also ka
may at any moment turn up with Henry
Lamb who's staying w. the ~~Kenr~~ Kennedys,
who married Mollie Davis daughter, & they
have a cottage somewhere, as indeed most of the
cottages are inhabited by the riff raff of
Chelsea.

Ka & Will are the great people of the
neighbourhood, with a large solid house,
views from every window, water-closets,
bath-rooms, studios, diving gardens, all
scattered with Cezan rocks. Ka is a
very nice woman, to my mind, & Evegene stops &
talks to her on the road, & she is already a

County lady with a cupboard full of medicines & bandages.
Will improves, I think (you see, I don't like to be too
appreciative, knowing your scepticism) He is
wedding the young & the Newlyans a little.
He paints pictures of the Campagna in Mrs Westlake's
Studio. On the floor he has a photograph: there
there are about 6 studies in monochrome of the
photograph on different scales – I think probably he,
under the influence of Ruskin, anyhow, they take a
lot of time, & he works all day, & I rather
believe (but this is malicious gossip) that to
Henry Lamb has persuaded him that they
ought to exhibit at the Royal Academy, which, as
Henry says, is only bad because people like him
will don't stand there. Henry doesn't see anything in
modern French painting. Now if Lytton had been
here, we should have had an interesting Combination.
Ka is very ill at Eze about Henry. It is
incredible that she ever had an amour
Youth. But I assure you she is a
broad-bottomed, invincible, maternal woman, &
I've just borrowed some sanitary towels off her —
not that it's likely I shall give them back.
By the way – I got a piece of gossip for you.
Olive Heseltine has annulled her marriage
with Michael, with a view to his marrying a

young woman in an office, the plea being that he is impotent, & Olive has gone to Vienna to ~~be~~ feed the starving, having scarcely sixpence a year herself, & will, I doubt not, ere more proceed to the feast of Hilten. Ben Bunny is engaged; but Mrs Murray is known in Gordon Square. I'm going to Trevear this afternoon to look for cowries. Yesterday we went to Bosigran. Doesn't this make your mouth water? Nobody comes here. There is no agriculture. There are a few hobbled donkeys, but not a thing has been done since we were here. It's the only place to stay at — & there is a cottage to be had on the top of the Gurnhen Hill. Now if you had the spunk of a caterpillar you would telegraph to me to buy this for you for ever. Have you heard about Charleston? How is Ann? We shall be back on Monday. I am going to send you some butter. Maggie almost given up making cream, owing to having bought separators. Mrs Eddy lives next door, Mrs Berriman is at the farm, & our landlady is Mrs Hosken. Ka wants me to lunch with the Millis Dows at Talland — he is dead; but she is very nice, & fears that the associations may be too painful for me. L. met Dr. Nicholls yesterday, who said that he should never forget Miss Duckworth coming to tell him that we were giving up Talland; & he almost bought the house, & has always been sorry he didn't. B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

1921

Hogarth, Friday. May 13th

Dearest,

I feel inclined to quote you some of your own letters about the imbecility & criminality of not taking care of one's health. Oh, how idiotic I think you! And you won't take an extra glass of milk for anything I say; or for anything the whole world say; its Aunt Mary in the blood. You are very interesting psychologically: some ways so reasonable; in others — well, the family strain must be ineradicable. There'll be Angelica one of these days saying she will sit up till one; & won't drink her milk; & will be amused by the youngmen - For as I write this, waiting for my dinner, in the innocence of Richmond, I can see you bundling off in a taxi to a restaurant to sit chattering with that little man who always had a fly on his head - was his name Maurice.[2] I daresay he's drunk heavily to death. And you won't have long either. Still,

never
I must say I didn't tell you of it — We've had the influenza
in this house, in the usual form: I mean Lottie
suddenly dropping the fish & bursting into tears.
Then we put her to bed. Then Nelly has pains in
her leg. Then they both go cold up the spine.
However, thank God, its now over. Then I
went to tea — solely on your account — with Lady
Cromer: all the way to St John's Wood. They
die very beautifully, the aristocracy: there
is that to be said for them. But I strived my
utmost for any cinder of romance — I strived among
the cinders, it should be: & found nothing but
benevolence & boredom. NYPL Ina baby we ena saw,
if you remember, is now a great fat bumpkin,
with a little greek head, only the Greeks
didn't have blubber lips: anyhow his manners
were perfect & his thighs so shapely that
if Ihad passions anymore, I should have
seized Evelyn by the neck. Far from
that, there we sat in a room the
identical copy of Kitty's Drawing room on a
larger & more aristocratic scale: Chintzes,
green paint, white walls, Lady Bath by
Watts: Lady Alice by Cope: Lord Cromer
by Sargent. I made this profound

observation that the aristocracy is hopelessly amateurish. In
fact this has a certain charm; in age it is a
little banal.

"Now do tell me – what's Vanessa doing? – And
I was so interested to hear that your sister in law
had taken poor Mary Hagge for her cook – poor
girl, I used to visit her before the baby came, –
She kept her room so clean. .. I do so
like the Bruce Richmonds – both of them.
But how does he manage to get up to the
office now? – You know Mr Keynes don't jar? –
He wrote that very clever book." —

I don't say that this is not a superb piece of flesh,
but why say these things? And this too much in
the later style of Du Maurier for my mature
taste.

You have heard I suppose of Georgie Orsett
upon Gordon Square? – first having tea with
Julian & Quentin, then going in to Adrian.
He said they were nice jolly boys, so I be
glad to hear. Adrian said that he is now
harmless, a little shabby, quite whiteheaded, &
talks to the dog a good deal in baby
language – you remember how he used to do it?
Adrian thinks him practically witless: for instance
when he heard that they were becoming psychoanalysts

he said "Oh but does that mean you'll be able to cure poor Laura?" I daresay you've had the account, though. He'd come to see you. So you are in favour – He always calls me "the poor boat" – which I suppose means that I'm permanently mad – never mind – I'm very cross, because you've got the influenza; & I haven't enjoyed my day at all; & I thought I was going to, & it's all your fault. However, I admit I rather admire your pictures. As for Duncan's new style – did you know he had completely changed? – I see it's of the utmost importance. I rather suspect the influence of Epsom. I refer to the technique of Haverstock Hill – rather than & the angle of the tea cups. But you won't follow me. I liked your Snow Scene best & all. Then I liked one called the Farm by Porter very much; & a landscape by Seabrooke. But, I said to myself, why leave out poor old Carrington & put in this marmoreal chocolate box nymph? – & behold it was Roger! I'm re-framing for the Unknown Show, & rather plume myself, as I got you, Duncan, Roger Seabrooke, & Ethel Sands right every time. I confused Keith Baynes water colour with yours once. I don't like Lessore. Not one was sold,

Van Gogh

at least there were no red tickets, so that I think we must stant the tea room gallery. Roger was seeing Chamyo: I is seeing Turner, & Ive wheedled Bobo out of £200 - if we want it, & I see that the udders of our friends are full of gold & only need gentle manipulation. The question is — will anyone keep up their enthusiasm after the first quarter? — when the cups are cracked, & one of the waitresses has been dismissed, & somebody has quarrelled with me — which reminds me, they loathe me: & I'm universally hated by women, this day, for having such a domineering character. So crafty, dishonest & insinuating. Yet I adore them- all except Inez: Mary & I are respectable enemies.

I must now stop this charming letter; Joseph Ive just began to talk about myself. The Daily Mail says that Leonard has written one of the ~~worst~~ greatest stories of the world. In consequence we are flooded with orders,

& were photographed this morning for
the Sphere – as an advertisement merely.
My feelings as an artist were ravaged;

Please send if only one line to
keep how you are.

It's hopeless to express
wisdom on you. NYPL

Yrs.

HAMILL 6/1/66